

The Arms of Morpheus

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Category: Percy Jackson and the Olympians

Language: English

Characters: Nico A., Will S.

Pairings: Will S./Nico A.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-09 03:57:17

Updated: 2016-04-09 03:57:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:28:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,459

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Pretty much Will and Nico having a good time and then not having a good time :) can't say much about it. Just a small shot.  
Solangelo Oneshot

## The Arms of Morpheus

\*\*\_I was bored, so this happened. Please read, review favourite etc. etc. \_\*\*

\_I can smell the soft scent of cupcakes wafting through my kitchen, signalling my small cakes are ready. I stand up, placing my book down to take them out of the oven.\_

\_What's that smell, Neeks?" I feel strong arms wrap around my torso, and my back hits a hard chest. I feel a smile grow on my lips, as Will, my boyfriend, presses a delicate kiss to my earlobe.\_

\_Cupcakes- apple and cinnamon, your favourite." Will kisses me again, this time on the nape of my neck.\_

\_Awesome." I grab a hand towel from the table and open the oven, taking the tray out and setting it gently on the table top. Will reaches forward, to grab for a muffin, but I quickly whack his hand away from the cupcakes.\_

\_Don't touch them or you'll burn yourself." Will grins cheekily and grabs the other end of towel I'm holding, tugging me away from the counter. The towel slips out of my hands and the blond facing me grabs the other end, moving so we're chest to chest again, the towel touching my back. He slides backwards, tugging me with him yet again.\_

\_Eventually the back of his legs make contact with the arm of the couch and he delicately falls backwards, bringing me with him. I land

with a huff on his chest, smiling.\_

\_ "Idiota." \_

\_ "Am not." \_

\_ "Yeah, you are." \_

\_ "You love me for it." I smile down at him, and gently move my hand up to brush away his golden curls from his face.\_

\_ "I do." Will's grin stretches wide, showing his pearly whites, as well as his dimples. He leans up, pulling me down by gently pushing my head down, and our lips connect. Will gently pries open my mouth, and runs his tongue over my teeth gently, making me shiver a little. We pull away for air, and after another long kiss, I pull away, bumping my nose with his gently. "I love you, but I've got to put frosting on the cupcakes." \_

\_ Six with orange, six with purple frosting, all with sprinkles. By the time I'm finished, they are all warm enough to eat now. Will watches from across the counter, eyes wide with excitement.\_

\_ "Okay, okay, you can have one. Careful." A grin so adorable stretches across his face that I find myself blushing. He reaches for an orange one, the one closest to him, takes it and bites out a large piece, chews and then after a second, swallows, grinning at me the whole time.\_

\_ "They're great." \_

\_ "You have frosting on your nose." He wipes it away with a flourish, on his grey hoodie. "Taste good?" I stand up and walk over so I'm standing next to him. He wraps an arm around my waist and rests his head gently on my chest. He takes another bite and glances up at me.\_

\_ "You have black ink on your lip... were you biting pens again?" \_

\_ "What? No?" He leans up so I can see his lip properly. A black smudge is definitely present. I move my thumb over it- only to find it is wet, like porridge. He smiles at me, black liquid the same texture as porridge comes pouring out, as if he is vomiting it out.\_

\_ I take a step backwards, but the sludge manages to splash onto my shirt and the tiling. Will starts to make choking noises and drops off of his chair, onto his hands and knees. I step through the now pooling muck to kneel beside him. His eyes flash with unconcealed fear. "Get away." He sobs, weakly pushing against my chest, not budging me.\_

\_ "Will-\_"

\_ "Get away!" He roars, a droning sound heard behind his voice. He pushes at me again, this time sending me flying into the wall, smashing it behind my back.\_

\_ "Will-!" \_

\_The sludge on the floor starts to rise, forming feet first, and yet it still rises, being fuelled by the blackness emitting from Will's open, choking mouth.\_

\_The sludge solidifies quickly, and within seconds I recognize a body forming. A replica of Will. The black porridge-like liquid stops flowing from Will's mouth. The black-Will shape forms to look almost like black porcelain.\_

\_It rears backward and opens the original Will's throat with his finger tips, as of its nails are as sharp as daggers. Blood splatters to the floor. I leap forward, sliding next to Will, and place my hands over his red blood, but I know he's already gone. Dead. The black around his mouth slides like goo off of his mouth and attaches to the figure above me. I start to cry- sob would be the correct term, actually- and kiss Will's dead, cold mouth. I had never felt Will's lips being so cold, so stone-like.\_

\_ "And you thought you were free when you left Tartarus!" \_

\_ "Nico!" \_

\_ "Did you think you could escape me?" \_

\_ "Nico!" \_

\_ "You will never escape me!" \_

\_ "NICO!" \_

I shoot up, confusion spread across my entire body. I fumble around quickly, my body shaking against my will. My arms shoot out, trying to get a grip on where I am, but I just end up hitting something. Said something wraps his arms around me, even as I struggle against the hard chest and strong arms. I whack and scream for him to let go. Chiron said it was safe here, he said Tartarus himself could never rise, yet he's here. He's here to kill me. Will had said there was nothing to fear at camp, Will, Will Will... Will was hugging me?

"Will?" I sob, gripping the fabric of his camp shirt.

"Shh, it's alright. I promise, it was just a dream, Nico. Calm down."

"Will?"

"Yeah, it's me. It's Will." I can't see anything- it's too dark. I must be in my cabin- or maybe the infirmary. For once the darkness is working against me.

"Can you turn the light on?"

"Of course, give me a second. I'm still right here." I feel his weight lift from the bed, but he loops his pinky finger with mine, as he turns the lights on near the door. The room is illuminated quickly, and I let out a breath of relief.

"Better?"

"Yeah, thanks." Will slides down in the bunk, ducking so he doesn't hit his head. I was glad Chiron had decided to change the coffin beds last year. Will grabs the blankets I must have kicked onto the floor during my nightmare. He wraps the blankets tightly around my shoulders, gently rubbing my arms as well. "How did you hear me?"

"I needed to pee and Austin was in the Apollo bathrooms so I decided to go to the infirmary bathroom- I have a pass to walk around camp in case someone gets hurt."

"Oh."

"And I heard you er... crying and screaming. I thought someone was hurting you."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be, Nico. I'm glad you're okay." The unspoken question passes between us, but I do not answer and just gently rest my aching head against his chest.

Eventually...

"Tartarus."

"Hmm?"

"I was dreaming about Tartarus, again."

"Again? Oh Nico, baby." Will presses a gentle kiss to my wet cheek, bumping his nose against my cheek.

"You were there. It was so good, so happy. But... then he appeared. And your throat... and..."

"Shh, I get it. I get it."

"I don't think I can get back to sleep, so you should get back to your siblings."

"Okay, but I'm staying with you, alright?"

"Alright."

I pull the blanket around Will as well, so he's warm. His body heat resonates between us two, me stealing his, and him letting me.

Will's voice breaks the silence, and it seems he is the only person on this earth whom I am happy to listen to, instead of silence. "I love you, Neeks, so don't ever feel like you need to say sorry for being scared."

"I'm not-"

"Don't say it- it's bad enough you lie to yourself. Do not ever lie to me, okay?"

"Alright. But you have to do the same." Will smiles gently at me and pushes hair away from my face. He gently repeats this motion for several moments, pushing my hair back, running his fingers over my scalp, and then kissing my temple. After a solid ten minutes of Will doing this, I'm on the cusp of sleeping, when he whispers in my ear.

"It's a deal, then."

End  
file.